

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. 18.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1822.

Vol. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—DRAV.

THE HISTORY OF PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOW'S MENDER.

Supposed to be related by himself.

(By Miss Helen Maria Williams.)

My history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society, which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married, rich, and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness.

I was born in one of those little hamlets, situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimart, in France. My father had many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource, in his old age, arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth; that of a bellows-mender. This, though not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined, at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied, at first, in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with dispositions for industry; and I soon rivalled, and even excelled my master. Ambition led me to imagine, that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere; and some of my excursions as far as the gates of Montelimart, succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city, amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession; and the public places, and most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-shaped: I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favourite with the chambermaids; which was the utmost limits of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which I answered in a style of raillery at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly; and, immediately after, heard them say—"This is our man!" I own that these words made me start: finding myself alone, in the dark, without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me! was the reflection that occupied my mind; when one of them, who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability—"Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders), "Perourou," said he, "you probably have not supped: nor we either. Our supper is ready, will you go with us? Our intention is to do

you more good than you have any idea of. Come, and sup with us; and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen; if you will not enter into our schemes, we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honour of making the company laugh, by some of my arch observations; and confirmed them in the good opinion, with which it was necessary they should be impressed, before they would come to a further explanation. The servants withdrew, after placing the desert on the table; and, during five minutes, a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length, he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words—"The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence; and we also acquire, by our talents, a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we have enjoyed has been lately disturbed, by love on the one side and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture-merchant, who is, himself, an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another masterpiece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect; and that defect is insupportable pride.—Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerable good connoisseur in painting, but has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain toward all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence, or the distinctions of rank. I had the honour—for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history which I am relating—I had the honour of engaging her notice, from my connexions in business with her father.—Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or attending her to the theatre.—These slight favours turned my brain: I thought myself beloved, because I was preferred to others; and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favourable ear to my offers. Indeed my family, profession, fortune, and situation gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surpris when, on the first overture respecting marriage, the in-

solent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance—"Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

"I confess that this insolent and impudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom; and love when fled is easily followed by a desire of revenge. 'My friends,' I exclaimed to those who now surround us, 'this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her, that she has not, indeed, been born to the honour of becoming the wife of an engraver!'"

"Such is my history: do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common share of understanding. Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman; who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"—"Yes," answered I, with firmness; "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week, I bathed two hours, morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the most elegant hair-dresser of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write; another some notions of drawing, a few lessons in music; a little, in short, of every thing. So that during three months my time, thoughts, and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies; and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt the utmost ardour to carry to perfection these first rudiments of my new education, which had become my chief delight: nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive; that my young friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether, to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learnt to twirl my seals, display my repeating-watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box, on which was painted a fancy portrait, which

I modestly observed was a picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded. But it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture-merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome; requesting me to call the same morning, since he would not expose them to sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received as usual by the father, it was the daughter; whom till then I had in vain wished to see; or rather, it was beauty itself which stood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes: I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul; one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! All difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom. A single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture-merchant; every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet, composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty: my friends often added the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit; and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine with an expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner; the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge, to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture-merchant to a fete, which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me; loaded me with such distinguished attentions; was so lovely, so enchanting—whether as mistress of the fete, or its brightest ornament—that, the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity; while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart! Yes—I discovered that I was beloved!

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person; it was neces-

sary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story which I related of myself.—My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny.—Old age, and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar; but he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased, from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt also with secret complacency on the words—without portion: alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation, we were perfectly agreed; for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary éclat, as both the family of Aurora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

Having with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora, I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me.—The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge on the haughty Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent, in my name, to my mistress, the most magnificent bouquet: a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite fineness, formed a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week, the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name; a precaution which, you will perceive hereafter, was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favour, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her; but Heaven is my witness, it was not without remorse! In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself; and when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their bon-ton, the kind of dependance in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with respect to the future. But in the stillness of solitude sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me! When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her, who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father; I shrank back with horror, or started up covered with a cold sweat.—More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime; and cover myself with the infamy, which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with some rays of hope the gloom of the future. "The unhappiness of Aurora," said I to myself, "will be but transient; love will soften its bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire of revenge. She will, she shall be happy in despite of them! They will leave me some money, and the means of procuring more by industry—I should be a wretch, indeed, if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path! When she learns who I am, her resentment will, no doubt, at first, be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation

will come to her aid; love will supply the place of riches; and we shall yet be happy!"

Such were my reflections, during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins; a general trepidation seized my whole frame; I had never had so near a view of villany. I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief; while the silly crowd, who surrounded us, mistook this last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love awhile banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe, which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion, of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side, in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging, at once, her pride and her love: ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy. The obligations I had entered into were laid before me. We began our journey.

Two of my ten friends served me as couriers; while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora, pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as coachman. It is true, that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaster fixed on his right eye, so disguised him that even his friends did not recognise him: three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage, as lacqueys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party, by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves; and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth, when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful; inquiring the name of my chateaux, the extent of my estates, and of my seigniorial rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which, to her lively apprehension, were at least equal to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations; when, three leagues beyond Montelimart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road.—This poor village alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine; and after three hours long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold, taking the air. In this old man I discovered my venerable father!—No, my friend, I have no colours with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side; the haughty Aurora on the other; and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting burst of laughter; and, with pleasantries the most

aggravating, refining on their vengeance, and her mortification! Figure to yourself the pretended coachman taking off suddenly his plaster and his wig, and *tutoying** Aurora with an air of superiority.—"No, Madam," said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born, or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honour to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A bellows-mender is worthy of you; and such is he, Madam, whom you have taken for your husband!"

I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat; the five others threw themselves into the coach, choked almost with laughter; and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved! My engravers, while they taught me my part, had kept their own secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scene-shifters of a theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora, she saw nothing of this. Her former lover continued speaking, when she no longer heard, or felt! The ruffians left her in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation!—Recollect that I now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas! in those cruel moments I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah! my friends, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses. Her frenzied eye met mine—"Monster!" she exclaimed; and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators (composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches) and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw, with which a compassionate neighbour strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation, and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes, and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance! The first use she made of speech, was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the hateful detail of the plot on which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew, leaving with her the niece of the Cure of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed! Fallen, at once, from a situation the most splendid in a miserable village, which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few louis: while my adored wife, in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute, as well as share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man—respectable, indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence, and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated!—What would become of her? In what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings?—Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and ten-

* *Theeing* and *thouing*, as inferiors are addressed.

derness? Oh, no!—I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own—yes, of my own! I had, indeed, no reverse of fortune to undergo; I, who was born to wretchedness, and nurtured in want; yet my agonized heart, but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps, the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils! I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness; to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence; to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. I recollected, with distraction, that it must be my doom, not merely to support indifference, but aversion! I was not merely to become an object of contempt, but of horror: I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred; to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignant of remorse. Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish? Had not I, wretch that I was! planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave; perhaps her last breath would curse me; or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy?—Would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach; more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a hell of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rain, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory; my attentions were received with gratitude: I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it, under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands bathed it with my tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time in silence; then, raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish—"You have deceived me," said she; "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart; if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped—Mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle's house—I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties. You may visit me there whenever you please. We will concert, together, the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of providing for our future support. Rely on my honour for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding creature—A kind word from the woman we love, is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions.—Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with re-

proaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented; and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture! Could I have imagined that, after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

One morning—it was the eighth after our arrival in the village—I awakened, after having passed a happy night soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received for me. The hand-writing of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they: "and, after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class among which you were born; and we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments; without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burdensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora; and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns, to carry our plan into execution. You have not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M—, a notary well known in our city; who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father, and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Aurora: we have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I, joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished: I shall be able to provide for Aurora." The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself—"Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct toward me, pleads in your favour; and induces me to inform you that, at the moment you receive this letter, I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honourable enemy, and declare, that you must hold yourself ready to appeal before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Aurora; to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband; the next, I felt the most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved. The project, also, was impracticable: Aurora had already departed several hours: I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked hither on foot; either would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure, I interrogated severely the Curé and his niece with respect to their knowledge of my wife's escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were, as I have since discovered, the primary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded on me when I reached Lyons. Where begin my researches? How come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father, amid the first transports of his indignation against the criminal seducer of his daughter? How could I wander from one convent to another, without the risk of being suspected, from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon, where I might be plunged for having acted so abominable a part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my engraving friends, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels; to forbear inquiries, alike dangerous and useless; and to take measures for improving my fortune, too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers in Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations which, if it had not succeeded, would have placed me where I had set out; but which, by splendid success, increased more than threefold my capital.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public admiration. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address, on her part, in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her,

was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the back ground; while my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted, peremptorily, that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends; and every thing threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence, that the tears of the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction; when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honoured me. He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorise the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly: when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice—"No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destined you to become the mother of his child! Listen to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb; and then say, if you desire to become free, while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?" "No, no!" exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No! No!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name; alleging, also, that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorise the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; and injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, nor molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail, more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent; crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial; during the decision of which, I was little at my ease. Obligated to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to hide among the crowd—no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, were decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavoured to laugh with the rest, but was horribly ashamed to find, that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora, were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population, I could most easily escape observation; and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There, my friend, the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thousand lives, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was during five years the favourite of fortune; and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking-houses of that great city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons, with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were this time borrowed. Fortune had so successfully laboured for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognised me: you

may therefore imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial, which had interested the city of Lyons five years before—and terminated my question by cursorily inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family? I learned that her father had lately died; that losses, on the one hand, and ostentation, on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed, that Aurora, at his decease, found herself almost without resource, and in some measure dependent on the benevolence of the Abbess of the convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that although whenever Aurora appeared she was still the object of general applause, she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardour of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved, had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favour of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom. The image of Aurora—of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored—again occupied every thought of my soul—again throbbed in every pulse—I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth, which she refused to share. I felt, that she was necessary to my existence; and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life?—Never to know those parental transports which, though I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite! I could bear these cruel reflections no longer; I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, assembled her father's creditors, and discharged all his debts; purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture, to which long habit had associated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora, was a man generally esteemed. It struck me that I might choose him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue. I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhone. I requested an interview in the most solitary walk of his grounds; and, having obtained his promise of most inviolable secrecy—"You have hitherto," said I, "seen, in your friend, a merchant who, still young, owes to his talents, and his probity an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived my mistress; let me no longer impose on my friend. You have spoken to me of Aurora, in a manner the most favourable; you know the half of her history; hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance."—At this unexpected declaration, my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read on his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind. "I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study; the generosity of my employers, and Fortune have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The Abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendship: it is not late; and we are near Lyons; let us order horses, and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora, herself, the points which seem to you at present so embarrassing." I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze on Aurora and my child!

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name; and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris. We were admitted. Ah! what a picture presented itself to my view. Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable Abbess. A lovely child slept on her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but, introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honoured with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house at Paris, those circumstances, together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations; spoke of my speedy departure for Paris; mentioned my having connexions with all the great houses of the capital; and requested to know if the Abbess had any orders with which to honour me. While this conversation passed, the infant awoke; and the sight of strangers, instead

of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both, with a kind of hesitation, it was towards me that he advanced.—Oh! my friend, represent to yourself my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me eagerly seize him in my arms; and, throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife—"Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed; "your child, your child, claims from you a father!—will you suffer affection for ever to be vanquished by pride?"—While I uttered these words, in a voice half-choked by emotion, Aurora quivered; seemed ready to faint; and fixed her wandering eyes, alternately on me and on her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his father. At length, a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine—"Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed. Aurora's only answer was, to throw herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours."—She pressed me against her palpitating heart: we were unable, for a long time, to speak. Our uncontrollable emotion, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, the place itself, every thing served to add to our delirium.

"My children," said the Abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, "you have both performed your duty! Monsieur is too much affected to be a knave; Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue! These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensations. I related my history in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feelings of my remorse. I failed not to remark, with transport, that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine while I spoke of my projects of tenderness! though she testified neither pleasure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. The part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts; and my attention to her feelings, in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a fête. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated; and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word, which involuntarily escaped Aurora, discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name; and, twenty-four hours after I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity; I found myself beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderness!

One happy year had elapsed, when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkled with joy—"My friend," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons."—"No objection?"—"This very morning I am going to set off with my son—I want to teach him how a son ought to do his father the honours of his house."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms: she was still in all the splendour of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than her accustomed elegance. Dinner was announced; and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces. Guess who were the guests she had assembled? My ten engravers themselves! My first friends, the authors of my fortunes, of my marriage. No! my friend, I cannot paint my emotions? During the repast, the gaiety of Aurora animated all her guests with delight and admiration. After the desert, she led us into the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, drew a curtain which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "O Enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself. The first picture represented the village scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written—"Love conquered by pride." The second picture represented the scene of the present day. My ten friends at table; Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written, "Pride conquered by Love."

Here, Sir, finishes my history; at least my adventures. My present happiness I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his godfather the engraver whose hand she refused. This inestimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me, that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is singular in this affair is, that my son is of the same opinion.

THE TRAVELLER.

*'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.*

COWPER.

CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES OF THE
FEEJEE ISLANDS.

The Feejee Islands are situated about 21° south latitude, and 174° west longitude. They are very little known, and have received various names from different navigators. Tongataboo is the best known of this groupe, and there is an account of it in a work by the Missionaries, who endeavoured to convert the inhabitants. These islands have been but little frequented except by the Missionaries, some of whom were massacred in their devout attempts. They have, however, been sometimes visited by men who had a less holy intention; viz. by persons in search of sandel wood, which forms a valuable article of commerce in China, where it is said to be worth 80*l.* a ton.

In the pursuit of this article many persons have had intercourse with the inhabitants; and have by no means left a favourable opinion of white men among them. One vessel particularly, after promising to assist them in the wars with the natives of a neighbouring island, for which piece of service their brig was to be laden with sandel-wood, received from them their cargo, and left them without any return. In consequence of some nefarious transactions of this sort, they have sometimes showed signs of hostility, and, more than once, innocent persons have suffered for the guilty. The following account of what passes at the death of one of the principal men of these islands, is given on the authority of the master of a brig, named Siddons, who had lived several years among the natives, had an estate there, and was acknowledged one of their chiefs.

When a man dies, (said Mr. Siddons) if he be a chief, or man of importance, one or more of his wives are strangled at his funeral: some have but one wife, but I have known several with five or six. I myself was present at one of these ceremonies. The defunct was an old chief, who had died of some lingering disease, and his body was wasted to skin and bone. A native friend, who was a chief, came on board my brig, and invited me on shore to see the ceremony, as I had formerly expressed a wish to that effect. The corpse was rolled up in large folds of a kind of cloth that is made in these islands, similar to, but coarser than that which is made at Taheite. They conveyed the body to the door of the house of the coloo or priest, who are men having great influence in the country, and who are supposed to foretell future events. The corpse was placed on the ground with the feet towards the door of the priest's house, and many hundreds of the natives were surrounding it. A woman was sitting at the head, which was uncovered, for the cloth was principally rolled across the belly. She had in her hand something like a powder-puff, and she continually puffed the face of the corpse with a black powder. I was anxious to get near the body, but my friend continually exhorted me to keep at a distance. I nevertheless persisted, and advanced to within a few yards of it. The woman continued to sprinkle the face with the black powder, and when I had waited about an hour, a murmur among the multitude and a sort of about attracted my attention. My native friend, who kept beside me, informed me that it was occasioned by the approach of the principal wife of the defunct chief, who lived some miles off, and who had just arrived in a canoe. In a few minutes she made her appearance, accompanied by her female friends. I did not observe any mark of extreme dejection about her, but she appeared serious and thoughtful: she advanced to the body, kissed it, and then retreated backwards about twenty steps, keeping her face towards it. A

woman well known to me was sitting there, and the widow placed herself upon her lap, when the females who had accompanied her to the place approached her and attempted to kiss her, but she repelled them scornfully with her arms. The woman upon whose lap she sat, then put one of her hands at the back part of the head of the widow, and the other on her mouth; a man suddenly placed a cord round her neck; six men who were ready took hold of it, three at each end, and pulled with all their force. I did not observe that the widow made the least struggle, although after the manner of the country she was only covered about the middle; not even her legs moved. I was anxious to know what would be done with the bodies, and had recourse to my friend for that purpose. He told me, however, that was not permitted to be known, but I might see all that they themselves knew; the final part of the ceremony being known only to the caloo. I accordingly went to the priest's house in the evening. The dead chief and his strangled widow were placed near the door. I had brought one of my boat's crew with me, and as a few natives that were present had some difficulty in forcing the chief's body through the door-way, in consequence of the many folds of cloth that were about it, this man assisted them in this part of the rite; and while this was doing I went into the apartment, anxious to discover whether there was any grave dug. It was dark, and I felt about the house cautiously with my feet, lest there should be a cavern beneath it, but I found none; and as they had then placed the two bodies beside each other in the house, my friend told me that I could not be permitted to see more, and we retired.

MALAY DEMONS AND WITCHES.

In the eighth number of the "Indo-Chinese Gleaner," is a communication from a correspondent, who, after premising that the belief in witchcraft, evil spirits, charms, &c. prevails to an almost incredible extent among the Malays, and that these imaginary evil spirits, which are numerous, have all of them names either arbitrary or descriptive of their qualities, goes on to give an account of a species of these evil spirits, vulgarly called Polong, a word, however, which the writer had not met with in any of their books, nor seen in any dictionary of their language. From this account it seems that the history of the Polong is very little known. They, (the Malays) say that it is conveyed down from parents to children. According to their own law it is death to keep one, therefore we cannot expect to know any thing more about it than from its influence. It is, as it seems, invisible, and is kept in a small earthen bottle with a neck and a hole sufficient to admit a finger. He feeds upon human blood. The keeper cuts the tip of his fore-finger about once or twice a week, either Friday or Monday night, till blood comes out, and then puts it into the vessel, when the Polong sucks his fill. If the keeper neglects to feed him regularly, he comes out of his hole, and sucks the whole body to such a degree that the skin becomes all over black and blue. The Polong is very seldom kept by males, most generally by females. The woman, however ugly naturally, yet through keeping the Polong possesses surprising charms in her countenance to every beholder. If the person who keeps the Polong has a grudge against any one, or if asked for, or hired by another, he is let loose upon the man whom they wish to injure. The marks of possession are many. As soon as the Polong enters the man, he first falls down screaming, unconscious to himself and to every thing about him; sometimes he becomes speechless and like a dead man; sometimes there is no appearance of ailment, but his conversation is incoherent; sometimes he falls to beating all about him. Sometimes, as

soon as he enters any one, the person possessed dies. The Polong always adheres exactly to his orders, and inflicts that punishment which is commanded him. Sometimes, though but seldom, it proves infectious, viz. in the following way,—when the possessed falls down in a fit, and another asks him, saying, "What! what is the matter! what, have you got a Polong?" The person asking is affected, falls down insensible, and remains in the same state with the other till the Polong is expelled. A person seriously assured the writer, that he had seen men and women, to the number of 20, thus affected at the same time. The people are so well acquainted with the power of this Polong, that as soon as they see any one suffering, they send immediately for the physician, an adept in the occult sciences, who, with an air of importance and learning, administers some medicine, or more frequently makes use of a charm. He draws a fantastical figure, which, as he pretends, is that of the demon, and a print of which is given in the "Gleaner," upon the inside of a white basin, pours water upon it, and gives the sufferer to drink. Then he takes hold of the end of the thumb (for fear the Polong should make his escape, that being the door by which he enters the body,) and interrogates the man in the following manner: "Why do you torment him?" Then the Polong, speaking through the man, replies, "My father (for so he calls his keeper) has a grudge against him," &c. "Who is your father?" "—" "What has he told you to do?" "To eat heart and entrails," (general term for torment.) Sometimes this evil spirit braves all means, and refuses to speak. Sometimes he tells lies and confesses another name. When this soothsayer has prevailed against the evil spirit, and has heard his confession, he then tries to detect him (though a spirit, yet it has dimensions and shape:) he feels the body all over, for he lurks between skin and flesh. Sometimes he finds him in an arm, sometimes behind the ear, to the touch as large as the above. Now for his expulsion. The soothsayer first exacts an oath of him that he has spoken nothing but truth, and also that he will never come again. Sometimes the physician has such power that he sends him back to torment his own keeper.

LITERATURE.

THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONG-
ING LIFE; AND PEPTIC PRINCIPLES.

We have been a good deal amused and instructed by the perusal of a small volume, published within these few months in London, and having the above title. The author's name is not on the title page, though, independent of its intrinsic merit, the circumstance of its having gone through two large editions in the course of six months, need not have made him ashamed of the production. Report has attributed it to Dr. Thitchener, the alleged ingenious author of "the Cook's Oracle." There can be no doubt both works are from the same pen; but whether rumour has placed the laurel on the right brow, does not appear equally certain.

The first fifty pages of the volume are exclusively devoted to "the art of invigorating and prolonging life;" to effect which, the author sets out with strenuously recommending the "Training System," as practised in England by the professed pugilists; the principal rules for which are, to go to bed early—to rise early—to take as much exercise as you can in the open air, without fatigue—to eat and drink moderately of plain nourishing food—and, especially, to keep the mind diverted, and in as easy and cheerful a state as possible.

After a variety of useful and pertinent remarks, on what our author considers the necessary "preparation" to obtaining the object in view, he gives an account

of the treatment necessary for the reduction of corpulence, which he considers incompatible with long life; takes up the subject of sleep, under which he gives ample directions as to the quantity, the place, and the position; and descants at considerable length on the restorative influence of the *siesta*, or recumbent posture. The rest of the work is occupied with remarks on clothes, fire, air, exercise, and wine; to which is added, what are denominated "Peptic Precepts," pointing out agreeable and effectual methods to prevent and relieve indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the action of the stomach and bowels. With some forcible observations on the "pleasure of making a will," and the "art of dying honourably," the author takes leave of his readers.

As we do not observe that "the Art of Invigorating Health" has been reprinted in the United States, we cannot recommend it to public attention; although, from the numerous valuable hints it contains, it was certainly as deserving of re-publication as any of the numerous works of foreign growth which daily issue from our press. We shall endeavour, however, to remedy this, by giving such extracts, from time to time, under the head "Arts and Sciences," as we think will be useful, and promote the important object which the author had in view.

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

Although heathen mythology may be ridiculed by the ignorant and illiterate, and has nothing at first sight very popular or attractive in it; yet, by no person of science, or even of common general information, will it ever be regarded in any other light than as a study of great importance; and it would be well if that knowledge of it which is acquired at school were improved, at least not forgotten, at a more advanced period of life. We shall just mention two or three of the most prominent occasions upon which a knowledge of heathen mythology is essentially useful:

1st. A knowledge of mythology is requisite to the proper understanding ancient history, including under the word the manners and character of the people. It would certainly be an unpardonable want of information, and a great impediment to improvement, if in the study of the histories of France, England, or Turkey, the principles of the different religions of these countries were not known. Yet this want would have much fewer bad consequences than ignorance of heathen mythology in the study of the history of the Greeks and the Romans. With them their religion was the moving spring of every thing: it regulated every great event, and every public transaction; it influenced their manners and character in the greatest possible degree; it presided even over their amusements, and penetrated into the privacy of their families. The gods were every thing, because to every thing was annexed the idea and the belief of a separate and presiding god; and without a knowledge of these gods, therefore, the study of ancient history must not only be incomplete, but in many places unintelligible.

2dly. In reading the ancient poets, and the translations of them, a knowledge of heathen mythology appears to be indispensable. In the perusal of all the classical writings, indeed, the want of this knowledge is severely felt; but in the poets it presents difficulties which will be found altogether insurmountable. The allusions to mythology, to the characters of the gods, and their peculiar functions and influences, and to their descent, are to be found in every page; indeed, it is the very essence of their poetry, whether lyric, epic, or dramatic; and the characters introduced are generally either gods, demi-gods, or heroes, who are all equally a part of mythology; and yet it is strange, that nine persons out of ten read Homer's

Iliad and Odyssey without the slightest knowledge of that science, and, consequently, with comparatively little delight or improvement.

3dly. All this is strictly applicable to modern poetry. This is the age of poetry, and every body reads it; but it is too often not thought necessary by any previous acquirements to fit the mind for relishing it. Yet in many of the best poets of the day, and the observation applies with still greater force to those of the last century, what are called classical allusions, in general refer to some point or fable in heathen mythology; and without a knowledge of it, therefore, many beauties will be lost to the reader.

And, 4thly. In general reading and general conversation, a knowledge of mythology will be found eminently useful. There is hardly any kind of book in which allusions to it do not sometimes occur; and in conversation an ignorance of mythology may sometimes be greatly felt, not to mention the awkwardness of being ignorant of the meaning of any allusion that may happen to be introduced.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Recent Publications by E. Bliss & E. White,
128 Broadway.

Cleveland's Mineralogy, 2 vols. 8vo. \$5 50, bds.
Favourite of Nature, a tale, 2 vols. 12mo. \$2, bds.
Sir Andrew Wylie, of that ilk, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo. \$1 75, bds.

Provost, a novel, by the same author, 75 cents.
Frank, a sequel to Frank, by Maria Edgeworth, 2 vols. 12mo. 87½ cents.

The Renegade, from the French of D'Arincourt, 87½ cents.

Sketches of Old England by a New-England Man, 2 vols. bds. \$2.

Foreigners' Opinion of England, English Men and English Women, by Thomas Horne, 8vo. \$2 25.
Practical Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Marasmus, by Joseph Ayre, M. D. 87½ cents.

Advice to Mothers on the Management of themselves and Infants, 44 cents.

Fashionable Tour to the Springs, &c. in the summer of 1821, 50 cents.

Happiness, a tale for the grave and the gay, 2 vols. \$1 25.

Reid's Works, 3 vols. 8vo. sheep, \$10.

Lacon, 2 vols. bds. 75 cents.

Patriarchal Times, or the Land of Canaan, by Miss O'Keeffe, \$1, bds.

In the Press by E. Bliss & E. White, and others.

Tales of the Manor, by Mrs. Hoffman, 2 vols.

Pen Owen, 2 vols.

Belshazzar, a poem, by Millman.

Three Perils of Man; War, Women, and Witchcraft—by James Hogg.

An Octavo and Diamond Bible.

Second edition of New-England Tale.

Messrs. H. C. Cary and J. Lea, of Philadelphia, have in the Press

An account of Major Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

Graham Hamilton, a novel, by the author of "Glenarvon."

Halidon Hill, by Sir Walter Scott.

Logan, 2 vols.

Manners and Customs of the Romans.

Wilson Phillips' Treatise on Indigestion.

Montapere's Commercial and National Precedents.

Doctor Syntax's Third Tour, with Caricature Prints.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BOOKS.

LONDON THEATRES.

Drury Lane.—On the 13th June Mr. Braham's benefit is stated in the London papers, to have "attracted one of the most splendid and crowded audiences that ever assembled within the walls of this Theatre—a due tribute to this first great master of English song. To BRAHAM we are

indebted for the rapid and immense strides which our national school of singing has effected since the commencement of that shining career he still continues to run without a rival. He it was who taught them to seize upon the sentiment or passion of the composer—to pour out the affecting cadence of pathos, or in the rapid division to fire the passions of the coldest audience by the grandeur of his expression. To do this, as he has done it, requires indeed such powers as he alone possesses. The fruits of his study and his labour are scattered abroad by the numerous followers of his style and taste; but unhappily the gifts which Nature bestowed on him he cannot promulgate; they were made for him alone. He displayed all his perfections in their original greatness, and it must be the general wish that he may long continue to do so.

"The Opera was the Devil's Bridge, and a selection of vocal music, entitled 'The Sons of Apollo.' This consisted of Mr. BRAHAM's most popular and favourite songs, interspersed and admirably relieved by light and comic pieces, in which he was assisted by the chief performers of the company. In the Opera, Miss FORDE played the Countess, for the first time, in a manner very creditable to her improving talents. Between the acts Miss PATON sung 'Black Eyed Susan' and 'Di tanti palpiti,' as if to show that the versatility of her powers had no bounds. Both were admirably executed, and the first loudly encored. The whole performance afforded a treat which the lovers of music seldom indeed enjoy."

LONDON, June 18.

Haymarket Theatre.—This theatre last night commenced its operations for the summer season, under new and better auspices than have attended the management for several years past. Confined under the former patent to a period little exceeding two months, it was difficult to form any undertaking on that scale, which should return advantage to themselves and complete gratification to the public; but having now more than doubled that limit, a better company may be formed, by the greater length of engagement that may be offered, and dramas of real merit may obtain a sufficient run to reward managers and encourage authors. The first piece performed last night, which was entitled 'The Bill of Fare, or, for Further Particulars inquire Within,' seems intended to give the public a foretaste of what is to be expected, by exhibiting the talents of the different performers attached to the company. It may be described as a farce of equivocation, decidedly in the manner; if not from the pen of Mr. Colman. A strolling manager and the keeper of an inn, both advertise, the one for servants and the other for recruits to his corps, but both giving the same initials and the same address, the thespians are introduced to the inn-keeper, and the waiters and chambermaids expectant to the manager. By this expedient the various talents of the present company are put in requisition. We cannot better give an idea of the theatre than by naming the principals among them. Mr. Terry was the manager, and Oxberry the innkeeper, besides whom, Mrs. Johnson, Tayleure, W. West, Baker, and others, with Mrs. Chatterley, Mrs. Johnston, and Mrs. Tayleure represented characters in it. Mrs. Chatterley displayed her versatility of talent by assuming in succession the characters of Cicely Homespun, Madge, Cowslip, Madame la Marquise, Shela, Mrs. Racket, and Letitia Hardy. A Mr. Lee, from the Dublin theatre, made his first London appearance in this piece, in the character of Looney McTwolter, and gave promise of much excellence in Irish characters. The interlude experienced a very favourable reception. It had not the advantage, however, of the support of some of the best performers, for Mr. Liston, Mr. C. Kemble, nor Madame Vestris, who have all accepted engagements here, did not appear in it. The comedy which

followed was that sterling work *The School for Scandal*, which, if it did not last night include so much talent as the last age has witnessed, had the benefit of a very chaste and effective performance. We were particularly struck with the *Lady Teazle* of Mrs. Chatterley; the *Sir Peter* of Mr. Terry is well known as a masterly piece of acting. On the whole we felt exceedingly gratified, and have no doubt the Theatre will maintain that character of favouritism with the public which it has held, to borrow a pun from the *Bill of Fare*, ever since genius set *Foot* in it. We ought not to omit mentioning, that the profits of the night were generously appropriated to the relief of the suffering Irish peasantry.

Surry Theatre.—The Manager of this Theatre appears determined, by his activity and liberality, to reinstate it in the high reputation it bore during the most flourishing period of Mr. T. DIBDIN's popular management. Last night was produced, a new "Spectacle of Action," called *The Soldier's Girl*. The outline of the Piece is simple:—*Captain Albert* is in love with *Louise*, unknown to her father *Herman* (a farmer) and his own friends. While on a visit to her, he is suddenly called away to join his regiment, which is on the eve of marching. *Louise*, distracted at the idea of parting with *Albert*, and being united to *Fritz*, a foolish but rich lover, resolves to follow him in the dress of a soldier. She does so—arrives at the camp, and enlists. Her lover's sister, *Amelia*, is the wife of the Colonel of the Regiment; and *Albert* on his arrival is naturally welcomed as a brother should be. *Louise*, who arrives at about the same time, becomes jealous of his conduct, and secretly watches him; every circumstance increases her suspicions, and she determines, in a moment of despair, on the destruction of her supposed rival. She makes the attempt, but is detected; and being under martial law, is brought to a Court Martial—condemned—and cast for death. In the meantime her father, lover, &c. alarmed at the flight, immediately proceed in search of her; and suspecting her attachment for *Albert*, they hasten to the regiment. *Louise*, while under sentence of death, casts the miniature of her supposed faithless lover from her heart. The guard attendant on her, struck with the resemblance the picture bears to *Captain Albert*, hastens with it to the Colonel. *Louise* is led out for death; the *Captain* is present when the miniature is presented to the Colonel, conceives the error, flies to the rescue of his love, and arrives at the moment the word "present" is pronounced; an *eclaircissement* ensues, and all ends in perfect harmony. This outline is well filled up, and the action is never at a stand still. The scenery is good, and the style in which the piece is got up novel. We are introduced to an encamped regiment, of which an excellent idea is given. Added to these advantages the acting was very good indeed; and we mention it as an extraordinary circumstance, we noticed no part, however trifling, that was ill played. Miss VALLANCEY was the heroine, and from the powers she displayed in pantomimic acting, we are glad to see her engaged at this establishment. She was well received, and much applauded. Mr. BRADBURY also made his first appearance, after an absence of twelve years, and was warmly greeted on his entrance; he had not much to do, but he was anxious to please, and met with full success. After this, SAUNDERS exhibited on the tight rope, to the astonishment of both men and children; and the evening's entertainments concluded with *The Solitary*. This piece has become highly popular, and would be still more so had it a more efficient heroine and a less swaggering *Palzo*. The house was full.

It is stated in private letters received in the United States, that Mr. Young, the celebrated tragedian, is expected to cross the Atlantic early in the fall.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RICHARD GALL, THE SCOTTISH POET.

Richard Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, Scotland, in the year 1776. At five years of age he was sent to school, where he was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. At eleven he was bound an apprentice to his uncle, who was a house-carpenter; but the drudgery of this employment proving disagreeable, he left his uncle, and came to his parents, who were now living at Edinburgh. They saw the impropriety of forcing him to continue an employment which he disliked, though he had the prospect of succeeding to his uncle's business; and desired a friend to carry him through the city, and explain to him the advantages and disadvantages of each trade, that he might make a choice, to which he would afterwards adhere. He preferred being a printer, probably from its connexion with literature, to which his mind was now taking a decided turn.

Accordingly, he was entered apprentice with Mr. David Ramsay, the Editor of the *Courant*, a newspaper in wide circulation in Scotland; and during the engagement, he had an opportunity of acquiring some branches of knowledge to which he was hitherto a stranger; chiefly from a person in reduced circumstances, whom Mrs. Gall employed for teaching her children.

His new profession was much more favourable to the acquisition of knowledge, than that of a carpenter; but still it engrossed much of his time, and required a degree of manual labour, intolerable to one occupied with literary pursuits; and as his devotion to these was every day increasing, he resolved, at the expiration of his time, to forsake it. Most fortunately at this period, Mr. Ramsay wanted a travelling clerk, and to young Gall this office, at the solicitation of his mother, was generously granted.

He had now an opportunity of seeing rural nature in all its variety; and in every part of Scotland which he visited, he was deeply struck with the sublime and beautiful. The powers of genius were awakened, and he began to embody his ardent feelings in poetry and song. Some of his effusions were handed about in manuscript, among his most intimate friends. A few Lyric pieces were set to music, and gained a considerable reputation; *My only Joe*, and *Deary O*, has been long before the public. The Farewell to Ayrshire was published under the name of Burns, in Johnson's *Museum*, and copied into the edition of his works by Dr. Currie. It is highly pathetic, and we have no doubt whatever that it is the composition of Gall. Another was lately published in Crome's *Relics of Galloway Song*, as the production of that far-famed bard.

Of Burns, like every other Scottish poet who has appeared of late, Mr. Gall was an enthusiastic admirer; and he was both introduced to his acquaintance, and honoured with his correspondence. His Elegy upon his death, testifies what he thought of that master votary of the muses; and particularly one of his songs, composed to the air of *Wat ye wha's in yon Town*. He was noticed by Macneil, the ingenious author of *Will and Jean*, and to him he addressed a copy of beautiful verses. He was on the most intimate footing with Murray—greatly celebrated for his knowledge of languages; and chiefly known to the republic of letters as the biographer of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller. He also resided in the same house with Campbell when he was preparing *The Pleasures of Hope*, and highly relished that enchanting poem. About this period the Editor of the MINERVA became acquainted with Mr. Gall, and, from the talents he displayed, entertained the most sanguine hopes regarding him.

But what is the life of man? Scarcely had the rising merit of Mr. Gall opened

his way to all that was delicate and refined in the society of kindred genius; scarcely had his soul been roused to all that was attractive in the worlds of nature and art, when his early bloom was blasted. The seeds of disease were lurking in his constitution, and ready to burst out. An abscess gathered in his breast, which no medical skill could overcome. He died at the early age of twenty-five, in the year 1801, and being an Edinburgh Volunteer, was buried with military honours.

Mr. Gall was very amiable and very modest; passionately fond of literature; did all in his power to correct his defective education; was fired with the love of his country; an admirer of great men, particularly the heroes whom it produced; had strong hankerings after fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds;" and served the muses with an enthusiasm which even sickness and the approach of dissolution could not repress.

Twenty years have passed away since his death, and the poetry which he left was published about three years ago. It is said that Dr. Murray intended to have been editor, but that gentleman was snatched to an early grave, before he could execute his intention. Who acted in that capacity, we are not informed; but we are satisfied that he has done his part well.

The poetry of Gall shows that his genius was not ripened, nor his taste formed; but that he possessed great sensibility and a fine imagination, and promised high excellence if he had lived. Scarcely any part of it has received his last polish, and on that account it is entitled to great indulgence. It often wants comprehension of thought, and power of expression; but generally exhibits a grace, a sweetness, a sort of plaintive melancholy, which is not unpleasant. In the sportive or ludicrous, he is not remarkable for the delicacy of his humour; but in the tender and pathetic, he is always interesting.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

CRANIOSCOPY. No. III.

In the first part of this essay we finish what we have to say about the intellectual faculties which so eminently distinguish man from the brute beast. They operate upon the ideas received by the senses in an active manner, separating, compounding, and arranging them anew. There is a reasoning, or understanding, in them, connected with their several subjects. They abstract and associate ideas, perceive what is proper or inconsistent in them; and the decision they give, in concommittance with the other powers, determine the will.

The four last faculties of this division, colouring, time, size, and weight, are only probable from the insufficiency of the data upon which, as yet, to come to a general conclusion concerning them, but we give what observations have been made, to show the extent to which the science has advanced.

FORM. 12.

Some individuals have been found with the space betwixt their eyes very prominent; these are universally observed to have a natural capacity of perceiving and conceiving form.

The organ of form is situated in the internal angle of the orbit of the eye, and if this part of the brain be much developed, it pushes the eye-ball toward the external angle; that is, a little outward and downward. The eyes sometimes derive from it a squinting look. Drawing, carving, and a taste for portrait painting, are characteristic of this faculty. It is also a constituent in mechanical genius. The frontal sinus does not prevent the development of this organ, as has been said by opponents.

COLOURING. 7.

Those in whom the power of perceiving the delicate shades of colour is naturally great, have a large development of that part of the brain situated in the midst of the arch of the eye-brows. In the Chinese, the development of this organ is conspicuous. The faculty is generally more active in the female than in the male sex, from their feelings and taste being more nice and delicate. The full development of this faculty indicates a taste for painting, and is characteristic of the complete painter and connoisseur.

TIME. 14.

The functions of this faculty give a power of conceiving time, and of remembering circumstances connected by no link but the relation on which they stand to each other in chronology. The situation of the organs in the head of those in whom it has been found is between Nos. 2, 3, and 7.

MAGNITUDE. 15.

The organ of this faculty is not marked in the plate. It is supposed to be situated somewhere near the organ of form, but is a different faculty from it; for size may differ, though the form be the same. Those in whom it has been found have a peculiar quickness in discovering and deciding about the size of objects.

WEIGHT AND MOMENTA. 16.

The organs of this faculty are not yet discovered. But Spurzheim supposes that "the ideas of weight and resistance, of momenta, of consistency, density, ductility, softness, and hardness, cannot be attributed to the sense of feeling."

GENUS. SENTIMENTS. 2.

Several of the sentimental faculties are common to man and the brute creation; others are peculiar to him. They do not form specific ideas, but merely produce sentiment; that is, a propensity joined with an emotion or manner of feeling of a specific kind. They, however, influence the intellectual faculties; and when powerful, give a strong natural power of experiencing the sentiment; when weak, the reverse.

BENEVOLENCE. 18.

The organ of this faculty is situated above that of comparison, and between those of imitation. Its office is benevolence in general. It gives the feeling and desire to bestow, and melts the heart to generous sympathy; but the reflecting faculties direct it, and point out the objects for its attention.

This is one of the ornamental faculties of the mind. Its influence extends not merely to tangible materials, but to a moral sensibility in our judgment of the characters of those around us. In the culpable conduct of men it mitigates censure, and in deserved approbation it opposes detraction. Some individuals possess this faculty, but from limited circumstances, or other causes, keep its influence continually under restraint. Yet when they get into a state of inebriation, or very much elated in mind, so as to put the judgment off its guard, it will show itself very powerful in disposing them to give away what they possess, and in proffering kindness. On the contrary, when this faculty is very much wanting, though the good sense of the person has enabled him to sustain a fair character, yet when off his guard, he will be found mean and miserly; yet not by this inclined to theft or cruelty, for the absence of one power does not produce another. Only it leaves the individual to be selfish and niggardly, and regardless of the welfare of others.

When this faculty is very strong, it produces profusion. Such a disposition does not always proceed from a weakness of judgment, (for Lord Bacon and Dr. Goldsmith were both lavish) but only from inattention to restrain its undue influence. Though people of weak minds are most apt to fall into this error, and

show more attention to the welfare of others than to their own

"So give alms;
Pray so; but, for the ordering your affairs,
Take heed."

The sheep, and some other tribes of the brute creation, possess this faculty, and in them it produces docility, mildness, and a disposition for domestication. The organ rises in their heads much in the same part as that in man's; while the savage and ill-natured animals in the same place are either flat or hollow.

VENERATION. 17.

It possesses the development behind benevolence, and betwixt the organs of hope. This faculty disposes the mind to veneration in general, but the understanding points out the objects. If it is darkened, it may be Jupiter, Juggernaut, Mahomet, or any other spurious divinity. Veneration is an emotion of the mind, and not an intellectual act. We may reason about an object without venerating it, and may venerate without reason. It is when we cease to judge, and merely contemplate, that this emotion arises.

When we cultivate the reasoning powers, we do not necessarily cultivate the sentiment of piety: though by this means the proper objects for reverence are discovered. Some individuals have strong judgments, and but little or no veneration either for the Almighty, their parents, or men of worth. Others have great veneration and little judgment, and such are much disposed to superstition and enthusiasm. But if the judgment is good, and enlightened, and veneration strong, then what is proper is venerated.

This faculty eminently distinguishes man from other animals, for no brute expresses veneration or devotion.

HOPE. 33.

As the cultivators of this science have always gone upon the inductive principle of investigation, and as the facts have hitherto been too few for them to come to a full decision respecting the organs of this faculty, they state them to be probable. Those, however, who have shown the disposition of hoping, or of always looking at the best side of things, have been found to have developments on each side of the organ of veneration. When very full, the individual exhibited a disposition the reverse of that produced by cautiousness, making little hesitation about engaging in speculations which appalled others. He was borne along with brilliant anticipations, which, perhaps, were never realized. He gilded and adorned every prospect with shades of enchanting excellence.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the scene prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo still through all the song,
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close.

When found in the religious, it cherishes faith; in the warrior, confidence; in the merchant and literati, resolution, and a foretaste of undoubted success. It seems to have been a prominent feature in the characters of Rousseau, Hume, Priestley, Bonaparte, and Lord Nelson. When not sufficiently balanced, however, by the reflecting faculties, its influence gives a disposition to foolish credulity.

He who has cautiousness more powerful than hope, lives under the apprehensions of evil, has mists and clouds hanging over every distant object.

FIRMNESS. 9.

Its organ is situated on the top of the head, behind that of veneration. Individuals having this faculty powerful, have a peculiarly emphatic tone of voice. They talk and act as if every thing was of importance which they performed.—

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce,

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France;
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father dad.

They carry their bodies quite perpendicular, and have a stiffness of gait which is sometimes majestic, often slovenly.

In its mental influence it gives perseverance and constancy, but when too vigorous, disposes to intolerable self-confidence, and total disregard to the opinion of others. Either a conceited or haughty supercilious presumption is displayed, connected with obstinacy, perverseness, and often infatuation.

Those in whom this faculty is weak, are changeable in their views and designs; are easily persuaded, and find much difficulty in resisting solicitation.

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting;
Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting."

They express themselves with much trepidation, and are easily confounded.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. 19.

Possesses two developments: one on each side of that of firmness. Strict justice, and upright honesty, are its influence on the moral constitution. It does not discriminate, but inclines the thinking faculties to what is right. It acts as the regulator of the watch, which does not impel, but guides the operation of the spring. It is merely a sentiment which regulates the understanding in matters of right and wrong.

When it is powerful, the individual adjusts his conduct by the nicest principles of justice. He is scrupulously honest. His actions are proper, and his opinion consistent with veracity. He is not only candid in his transactions, but fair in his sentiments respecting the motives and characters of others. He makes human nature truly lovely; verifying the adage, "an honest man's the noblest work of God." It likewise disposes him to a fine perception of the principles of gratitude and unthankfulness. He perceives the full force of the recompense which is above merit, and feels indignant at unworthy returns. It keeps him always under a proper sense of the obligations which he has received.

When those in whom it is full, lull its influence, and act improperly, the alternate consequences are repentance and remorse when it is again allowed to operate.

The persons in whom it is weak are not very scrupulous about how they speak or act. They will covet and slander often, without any proper reason. Such has been the case with several individuals otherwise eminent. Such it was with Rousseau, as he mentions of himself, that he had a propensity to steal and act selfishly, which all his other powers could not eradicate or even withstand; and his slanders on his friend Hume cannot be accounted for upon any other principle.

C.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSTINENCE.

In the second volume of the Medical Communications, Dr. Willan has reported a case of abstinence, perhaps the most remarkable, and of longer continuance than any on record.

A young man of a studious and melancholy disposition, troubled with some symptoms of indigestion and internal complaints, doubtless instigated likewise by a strong imagination and mistaken notions relative to religion, suddenly formed the resolution of curing himself by the most rigid abstinence. He accordingly withdrew from his business and his friends, and took lodgings in an obscure situation.—Here he determined to abstain from all solid food, and only to moisten his mouth from time to time with water, slightly flavoured with the juice of oranges. After three days abstinence, the craving for food subsided, and he pursued his studies without farther inconvenience. He took no exercise, slept little, and passed the greatest part of the night in reading. The quantity of water he used each day was from half a pint to a pint, and the juice only

of two oranges, with which he flavoured his water, served him a week.

In this regimen he persisted sixty days without variation. During the last ten days, his strength rapidly decreased, and at length, finding himself unable to rise from his bed, he began to be alarmed.—Before this period he had flattered himself that he was supported by a supernatural power; and his imagination was filled with the idea, that some great event would follow this extraordinary abstinence. But his delusion vanished, and he found himself becoming gradually weaker, and sinking fast to the grave.

His friends, who had, by this time, discovered his retreat, prevailed upon him to admit the visits of a respectable clergyman, who convinced him of the fallacy of his visionary ideas, and with some difficulty obtained his consent to any plan that might be deemed conducive to his recovery.

On the 23d of March, 1786, which was the sixty-first day of his fast, Dr. Willan was called in, and consulted on this extraordinary case. The doctor found him reduced to the last stage of debility. His whole appearance, he says, suggested the idea of a skeleton, prepared by drying the muscles upon it, in their natural situation. His eyes were not deficient of lustre; his voice was sound and clear, notwithstanding his general weakness, but attended with great imbecility of mind.

In his retirement he commenced the arduous task of copying the bible in shorthand, with contents prefixed to each chapter. He showed the doctor the work executed nearly to the second book of Kings, and likewise explained to him several improvements he had made in shorthand writing. Between the 23d and 28th of March, he was so far recovered that he could with ease walk across the room; but on the 29th he lost his recollection, and on the 9th of April, nature being entirely exhausted, he expired.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The following extraordinary narrative is related by M. Bruhier, in his "Dissertation on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death."

Two tradesmen of the rue St. Honoré, at Paris, connected by the most intimate friendship, of equal fortune, and following the same business, had each a child, one a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments that taught the girl that she had a heart, convinced her at the same time that it belonged to the youth, who was equally attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was strengthened by their frequent mutual visits, with the approbation of their parents, who observed, with pleasure, that the sentiments of their children accorded so completely with their own intentions. Their marriage was on the point of being celebrated, when the whole plan was destroyed by a rich banker, who demanded the young lady for his wife.—The temptation of a much more brilliant fortune, suddenly changed the sentiments of her parents. Notwithstanding the repugnance to the match which their daughter testified, she, however, yielded to the entreaties of those to whom she owed her existence, married the banker, and, like a virtuous woman, forbade the young man whom she loved her presence for ever. The melancholy into which she was plunged by the fatal engagement she had contracted, brought on a disorder which overpowered her senses in such a manner that she was supposed to be dead, and was accordingly interred.

The lover was not the last to be informed of the melancholy fate of his mistress. Recollecting that she had formerly experienced a violent attack of lethargy, he flattered himself that her present situation might be nothing more; and this idea not only suspended his grief, but made him resolve to bribe the sexton, with whose assistance he took the deceas-

ed from her tomb, and carried her to his own house. He instantly employed every kind of means to restore her to life, and had the inexpressible happiness to find them attended with success.

It is easy to conceive how great was the astonishment of the lady, when she found herself in a strange house, when she beheld her lover by the side of her bed, and was acquainted with all that happened during her lethargic stupor. She felt the magnitude of the debt she owed to her deliverer; the love she had continued to entertain for him was the most powerful advocate. She recovered, and thinking that her life belonged by right to him who had preserved it, they went to England, where they lived several years in the most affectionate union.

Being inspired, at the end of ten years, with a desire of revisiting their native land, they returned to Paris, and took no precaution to disguise themselves, under the persuasion that no one could possibly suspect what had happened. By mere accident the banker met his wife in a public promenade: the sight of her made such a powerful impression on him, that the persuasion of her death could not erase it. He contrived to join her, and notwithstanding the language she held in order to deceive him, he left her more than persuaded that she was really the woman whose loss he had mourned.

The strangeness of the circumstances having given the woman charms which she had never before had in the eyes of the banker, he discovered her residence at Paris, in spite of the precautions she had taken to conceal it, and preferred a judicial claim to her person.

In vain the lover urged the rights which he had acquired by his cares to his mistress; in vain he represented that, had it not been for him, she must have died; that his opponent had divested himself of all his rights by interring her; that he might even be accused of homicide for having neglected to take proper precautions to ascertain her death; in vain he advanced a thousand other reasons furnished by ingenious love. Finding that the court inclined to the opposite side, he resolved not to wait for the termination of the cause, but repaired with his mistress to a foreign country, where they ended their days in peace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Minerva.

THE PILGRIM. No. I.

A few nights ago, I was awakened from a tranquil sleep by the noise of some was-sailers passing by my door. The song of one, and the deep laughter of others, reached my ear for a considerable time; but at length were altogether lost in the distance. How varied, thought I, are the scenes of human life! Whilst I have been buried in dreamless slumbers, and in a species of death consuming time, others have been revelling in the haunts of pleasure and festivity. Whilst some are wasting away in poverty, sickness, and distress, others in the bloom of health, and in the possession of treasures, are seizing on the delights and the luxuries of the world. Thus musing, I fell into a profound reverie, and, neither asleep nor awake, my mind was pursuing a thousand phantoms; but at intervals, I was sensible of things about me, and the noise of the cricket, which indicates darkness and solitude, told me I was alone. The ticking of the watch under my pillow, reminded me of the fleetness of time, and informed me that at every stroke I was nearer my grave. Alas! said I, and are the days of man to be measured by the chain of a

clock? it is a monitor that constantly admonishes him that his life is ebbing away; but ah! how often does it admonish in vain! In a train of reflections like these, my mind was sunk into the deepest sadness. I found it impossible to divert myself from melancholy, and gave a loose to the imaginings alternately of grief and hope, of pleasure and despondency.

But I was drawn from this continuation of thought by the delicious notes of a musical instrument, which dwelled on my ear, I arose, and sat by my window, that I might the better listen to it. The sound of it was rich and sonorous, and insensibly soothed my feelings. I was transported by the harmony of its cadences, and the sweetness of its airs. It brought to my mind the stories of romance. I thought of those days and those countries where the wooer endeavours to propitiate his mistress by the melody of his numbers, or pours forth the sorrows of his heart to the sound of the guitar. I thought of the far-famed troubadours, who passed their lives amidst the harmony of their lyres, and who lived on the smiles of ladies fair! I contrasted the chivalry, and the feeling, and the sentiment of those days with the sentiment and feeling of these; but how was I lost in the measureless disparity! Thus was one thought chasing another, and time was passing away unheeded; but the sudden silence of the musician, and the heavy sound of St. Paul's chiming the hour of three, brought me to myself. I returned to my bed, and my mind having sobered down into tranquillity, I fell into a gentle slumber, visited by pleasant dreams, and awoke not till I was aroused by the breakfast bell.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

Public Health.—We are sorry to observe, that the fever, which has existed for some time in this city, and which was considered by many as only bilious, though of a high malignant nature, has assumed all the characteristics of *Yellow Fever*, and that no less than eight new cases were reported yesterday to the Board of Health.

The National Intelligencer contains the articles of an armistice agreed upon between the Chiefs and Warriors of the Cherokee and Osage Indians, agreed upon on the 6th of May. A further meeting was to have taken place on Tuesday last, to conclude a permanent peace.

The committee appointed on the 4th of July to examine a route, and report upon the practicability of carrying the Croton canal directly to the city of New-York, have completed their labours; will report adverse to this new plan, and recommend that the course of the Croton be followed to near its mouth.

The subject of a canal between the Rariton and Delaware is again revived. It can be completed at a small cost, and be of vast service to Pennsylvania, New-Jersey and this state and city.

A sailor belonging to the schooner General Warren, of New-York, being at work on her topsail yard at sea, dropped his jack-knife overboard; about an hour after, some one of the crew caught a dolphin, which, on being opened, was found to contain the knife in its mouth.

As Mr. Horton of Catharine's Town, Tioga county, was digging for the foundation of a still-house, near the head of Seneca Lake, he found the bones of a human body between some rocks, about four feet below the surface. The rock appeared to have been placed there by nature, and the bones occupied a space of only about two and a half feet in length, and eighteen inches in width—they appeared perfectly sound, and the teeth remained firm in their sockets.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The subscribers to the MINERVA, and the public, are respectfully informed, that the Editor has made arrangements with Messrs. BLISS & WHITE, Booksellers, 128 Broadway, by which the work will be regularly published at their store, every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, instead of 44 Maiden-lane.

The success which has attended the MINERVA, having satisfied the publishers that it would be still more acceptable if it was printed on finer paper, and more taste displayed in the arrangement and workmanship, they have determined to adopt such improvements, in these respects, as are calculated to give general satisfaction. But as this will be attended with an increased expense, a corresponding rise will necessarily take place on the subscription price; which, however, will not affect those who have put down their names previous to the appearance of the present number. On the proposed alteration, which is expected to be carried into effect by the appearance of the 20th number, the terms of publication will be as follows:

The MINERVA will continue to be published once a week, in the imperial 4to form, containing 32 columns, which, at the end of the year, will make a handsome volume of 416 pages. If paid in advance, the subscription price will be continued at \$4 a year; if credit is taken, it will be \$5, payable by half-yearly instalments.

The MINERVA may be had from the commencement, and subscribers may begin with any number; but no subscription will be received for a less period than six months. Single numbers one shilling each.

All communications to be addressed "To the Editor of the Minerva, New-York."

No. 19th will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Story of Griselda*; from the Italian of Boccaccio.—*The Bramin's Well*; from the French of J. P. de Puédomots.—*Agostino the Monk*; from Levati's "Travels of Petrarch."

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs of the Arabs*, from Dr. Richardson's Travels along the Mediterranean, &c.—*Manners and Customs of the Chinese*; from Ellis's Journal of the late Embassy to China.

LITERATURE.—*The Lollards, a Tale*; founded on the persecutions which marked the early part of the 15th century.—*Literary Notices*.

THE DRAMA.—In the present numbers, we have given some articles on the *London Theatres*, brought by a recent arrival from Liverpool.—*The Critical Remarks on Hamlet*, and *Early Play-Houses in London*, are necessarily postponed till our next.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Blanca Ruben of Padua*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the Use and Abuse of Wine*, from Dr. Thitchener's "Art of Invigorating Health."—*Scientific Notices.*—*Correspondence.*—*The Fine Arts.*—*Drake's "Flight into Egypt."*

MARRIED,

On the 1st inst. Mr. James Duff to Miss Jane Thompson.

On Tuesday, last week, Mr. Mahlon Mills to Miss Susan Corey.

On Thursday, Mr. George Claus to Miss Rebecca Sellers.

DIED,

On Monday morning, of the fever, Mrs. Rachel Phillips, consort of Mr. N. Phillips, and daughter of the late Moses Seixas, Esq. cashier of the Newport, Rhode Island, Bank. Few women fulfilled the duties of mother, wife, and friend, in a more exemplary and faithful manner than she did—and while surrounded by numerous relations and devoted friends, with every prospect of comfort and happiness, she was hurried into a better world after three days illness, leaving a disconsolate husband and ten children to deplore her untimely end.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Hannah Ann, wife of Thomas Shannon, aged 20 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves: to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva

THE RUINED FORTRESS.

I came to the fortress that, ruin'd and lone,
Frown'd dark on the desolate shore;
All was silent around, save the wind's sullen moan,
And the ocean's low muttering roar.
The ivy-crown'd towers that mouldering stood,
Just tipp'd by the moon's rising ray,
Like a time-beaten giant o'erturning the flood,
Bore no vestige to tell of the dread scenes of blood
They had witness'd some far distant day.

But the dank turf hard by, heav'd in many a heap,
Told too well to the shuddering soul,
That beneath it there rested, in nature's last sleep,
The victims of passion's control;
That many, whose bosoms for glory throbb'd high,
By no prospect of danger dismay'd,
(The sad recollection awoke the deep sigh)
Had come to this beach, unlamented to die,
By ambition allur'd and betray'd.

I turn'd from the spot with a full-burthen'd heart,
And the moss-cover'd battlements sought;
For I felt it relief, from those scenes to depart,
Which renew'd every sorrowful thought.
The portal was open; the once massy gate
Unbarr'd, was now crumbling to dust,
And the grass flourish'd higher around it, elate,
And in pride, as it were, waving over its fate:
Of envy, an emblem how just!

Within all was solitude, chillingly drear;
My step, as it fell on the ground,
Awoke a strange awe, when it struck on my ear,
And the echo repeated the sound;
But stern reason I summon'd, to banish the dread
Which the place and the hour had inspir'd.
'Tis vain superstition alone fears the dead;
They cannot arise from their cold gory bed,
I thought, and my terrors retired.

The moon now emerg'd from the depth of a cloud,
Which had hidden her face for a while,
And show'd the remains of the pride of the proud,
The wreck of a once mighty pile.

"And is this man's vain boast? this his title to
I sigh'd, as I gazed on the walls: [fame?]"
"Ere long, shall be gone both his works and his
name;

E'en now, to his mem'ry oblivion lays claim,
And solitude reigns in his halls.

"Will the wild lawless minions of passion ne'er
cease

To revel in bloodshed and crime?"
Will they dwell not at length with their fellows in
peace?

Will they not—till the ending of time?
Oh, let them come hither, these ruins survey,
For madmen, like them, a fit shrine,
And let each, while he gazes, look on to the day,
When ended his race, he may joyously say,
'Such glory as this shall be mine.'"

July, 1822.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

THE COMPARISON.

To Emma.

The locks on Ellen's snow-white brow,
Are braided up by fashion's fingers,
And while they to the zephyrs bow,
The gloss of amber on them lingers.
But, Emma, thine's the ebony tress
That loves to kiss the placid breezes,
It flows in graceful loveliness,
As bright—as soft as nature pleases.
Oh! thy locks, I love to braid them,
Beauty smil'd when first she made them.

When Ellen, vain of every charm,
Looks on the plain of reason's mirror,
She back recoils with just alarm,
For then she sees her every error.
But thou, fair Emma! when thine eye
Upon the wise reflector gazes,
It scorns the beam of vanity,
And cares not how its pupil blazes!
Oh! thine eye, when beaming pleasure,
Seems a star in depths of azure.

When Ellen sings, the numbers flow
As soft as whispering winds in motion;
But ah! they're cold, and melt like snow,
When dropping on the glaze of ocean.
Dear Emma, thine's the lay that floats,
Far softer than the breath of even;
A lay more fraught with pleasing notes
Was never known to steal from Heaven!
Oh! thy sweet and plaintive numbers,
Lull the soul in gentle slumbers.

EUSTACE.

For the Minerva.

TO MARY.

O! Mary, dear, I love that smile,
With bliss it is replete;
I love that cheek, devoid of guile,
Unused to foul deceit:
I love to dwell upon that eye,
Where Cupid's arrow's hid;
And O! I'd to yon desert fly,
Than wet with grief that lid.

But wilt thou, Mary, only let
Thy slave behold thy charms,
And see his eye with torture wet,
And still withhold thy arms?
Wilt thou, O cruel maiden! bid
His aching soul still bleed,
Nor deign to lift thy loving lid,
His blissful hopes to feed?

No! thine's a heart, too feeling still
To let affection sigh;
No! thine's a soul, like pity's rill,
That bids all sorrow fly.
No! thine's a bosom thronged in love,
Fond nature is its chart;
And, dearest Mary, sure thou'lt prove
The rapture of this heart.

G. G.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO SCOTLAND.

Our native land—our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue!

Farewell, the hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song!
Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted bowers,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle mound, the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell—
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each, to all, farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond th' Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

"O! COULD I SUCH A FEMALE FIND."

A beautiful face, let others prize, the features of the fair:
I look for spirit in her eyes, and meaning in her air.
What! though she seem quite sweet and mild, with colour
fresh as morn,

An innocent and harmless child, as ever yet was born,
This will not kindle my desire, or make me wish to wed;
Least ignorance should quench the fire, which Wisdom
would have fed.

The charming puppet may pass by, or gently fall and rise,
It will not hurt my peace, for I have ears as well as eyes!

I want to know the inward state and temper of her mind:
If she will frown, or rage, or fret, be gentle or unkind;
If in discourse she's calm and staid, and judgment rule her
life;

Nonsense might charm us in a maid, but never in a wife:
I love to see a female friend, who looks as if she thought:
Who on her household will attend, and do the thing she
ought;

A quaker plainness in her dress, kitchen and servants
clean;

Provision neither in excess, nor scandalously mean!
Oh! could I such a female find, such treasures in a wife,
I'd pass my days in peace resign'd, nor fear the ill of life.

Epigrams.

SONNET ON A SINGLE STAR.

I have to make a Sonnet on a star—
A Sonnet being short, the sense confines,
And yet I've dar'd to scribble on thus far,
And waste just four out of the fourteen lines:
But what am I to write of this said star?
It twinkles — you had better say it shines,
That's somewhat more poetical (between us),
But I remember now I have not given
The planet's name—its name of course is Venus,
For of all those that shine on us from Heav'n
There's not a single star that I can tell
Will suit my present subject half so well:
Now then . . . Oh thou fair sister of the Sun—
That's very grand—but hold—I find the Sonnet's
done.

BYRON, MOORE, AND SCOTT.

Three poets in one lucky century born,
Old England, Ireland, Scotia, did adorn,
One hated all mankind worse than the D***;
One lov'd all women, whether good or evil;
The third, true to the land from whence he came,
Lov'd money best; and who the man can blame?
Since one rich bard will more observance find
Than twenty wandering Homers, poor and blind;
And rhyme and wealth, united, raise more wonder,
Than Genius cloth'd in lightning, rage, and thunder.

M. BEUSERADE TO HIS BED.

In bed we laugh—in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach, a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

LOGIC.

No cat has two tails.
A cat has one tail more than no cat.
Ergo—A cat has three tails.—*Oxf. Jour.*

Epitaphs.

ON AN AUCTIONEER.

A huge lot of fibs, cant, and puff, is here laid,
Belonging to one who made auctions his trade;
With crying *a-going* he lost all his breath,
And at last was knock'd down by the hammer of
death.

ON A QUACK DOCTOR.

Reader, Sangrado is, alas! no more;
He visits those he visited before!

I, Sir John Trollop,
Made these stones roll up;
When God shall take my soul up,
My body shall fill that hole up.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

- PUZZLE I.—A Ring.
PUZZLE II.—Short.
PUZZLE III.—Its Capital is always Dublin,
(Doubling.)
PUZZLE IV.—Woman.
PUZZLE V.—A Rebus (*re-buss*).
PUZZLE VI.—A Candle.

NEW PUZZLES.

- I.
My first is irrational, my second is rational, my
third is mechanical, and my whole is scientific?
II.
What most resembles a crow in a gutter?
III.
What kin is that child to its own father, which is
not its father's own son?
IV.
Why is a lawyer like a poker?
V.
What is the difference between twice five and
twenty, and twice twenty-five?
VI.
Why is a tallow-chandler the worst and most
unfortunate of men?

CHRONOLOGY.

From the creation to the present time.

- Before Christ.
354. Dio, being strangled by his troops, was suc-
ceeded by Calippus, who ruled 13 months at
Syracuse.
353. T. Manlius, dictator against the Tarquin-
ians.
— Onomarchus, chief of the Phocians, brave-
ly resisted Philip. He was killed by his own
soldiers, and succeeded in command by his
brother Phaylus.
— Mausolus, king of Caria, died, after a reign
of 24 years. Artemisia, his wife, succeeded,
and erected a magnificent tomb to her hus-
band; whence the name of Mausoleum is
given to such monuments.
— The Chersonesus ceded to the Athenians by
the king of Thrace.
— Clearchus, tyrant of Heraclea, killed by
Chio, a disciple of Plato.
— Hipparchus, son of Dionysius, restored to his
dominions in Sicily, ruled 2 years.
352. Caius Julius, dictator against the Tuscans.
Phaylus, leader of the Phocians, defeated
the Thebans, and died.
351. The Falisci defeated by the Romans. The
Tarquinians obtained a truce of 40 years.
The Thebans assisted with men and money
from Persia. Artaxerxes sent a great army
to subdue the Phoenician rebels and the
island of Cyprus. Tennes, king of the Sidonians,
revolted, but was soon after killed. The
Sidonians set fire to their city, where they
all perished.
350. Popilius defeated the Gauls. Protagoras,
king of Salamis, submitted to Persia. Eva-
goras was slain.
— Egypt conquered by Artaxerxes Ochus, king
of Persia.
349. Greek pirates landed in Italy, and defeated
the Latins.
— Camillus put the Gauls to flight. M. Va-
lerius, military tribune at the age of 23,
killed a Gaul who had challenged any Ro-
man to single combat. He was called Cor-
vinus, on account of a raven, which was said
to have favoured his success.
— Mentor, having the charge of the coasts of
Asia, reduced under the dominion of Persia
the cities that had shaken off the yoke, and
reconciled Artabazus and Memnon with the
king.
348. Valerius made consul when 23 years of age.
The alliance with the Carthaginians renew-
ed. Philip subdued the towns on the Hel-
lespont, seized on Olinthia by treachery,
and sold the inhabitants. He appointed the
Olympic games, where he gained many
friends.
— Death of Plato the philosopher. Speusip-
pus, his nephew, succeeded him in the acade-
my.
347. End of the Sacred War, against the Pho-
eciens.
— Dionysius recovered Syracuse 10 years af-
ter his expulsion.
346. Philip admitted into the assembly of the Am-
phictyons with the two votes formerly be-
longing to the Phocians, who were disper-
sed, and their cities destroyed.
— Timoleon sent by the Corinthians to assist
Syracuse against Dionysius.
345. Lucius Furius, dictator, victorious over the
Arunci. Timoleon, in spite of the Cartha-
ginians, penetrated into Sicily. Dionysius
held the citadel, and Icelas the town of Sy-
racuse.
344. Reduced to extremity, Timoleon recovered
himself by his prudence. Philip, of Mace-
don, laid waste Illyria.
— Jaddus, son of Jonathan, the 6th high priest
since the captivity, ruled the Jews 20 years.
343. Beginning of the war between the Romans
and Samnites, which lasted upwards of 60
years. Valerius defeated them. Cornelius,
with his army, being cooped up by the Sam-
nites, was rescued by Decius, a military tri-
bune. The Romans gained several victories,
and the consuls triumphed. Timoleon deli-
vered Syracuse from the tyranny of Diony-
sius, who lived afterwards as a schoolmas-
ter in Corinth.
342. Sedition in the Roman army appeased by
M. Valerius, the dictator. Timoleon de-
feated Icelas and Leptines. Great prepa-
rations of the Carthaginians against Sicily.
— Birth of Epicurus, the philosopher.
341. Peace between the Samnites and Romans.
The consuls abdicated, and an interregnum
ensued.
— Philip made war on the Athenians.
340. War between the Romans and Latins. Man-
lius condemned his son to death for having
fought without orders. P. Decius devoted
himself to death for the army. The Latins
were vanquished. Negotiations for a peace
between Philip and the Athenians.
— Defeat of the Carthaginians in Sicily by
Timoleon. Anaxarchus, of Abdera, the
philosopher, flourished.
339. Philo triumphed over the Latins, and, as dic-
tator, made very popular laws.

THE MINERVA.

Is published every Saturday by E. B. 1188 & E. WHITE,
123 Broadway, at Four Dollars per annum, if paid in ad-
vance, or Five Dollars, if credit is taken, payable by
half-yearly instalments. Subscribers may commence
with any number; but no subscription will be received
for a less period than half a year.
All communications to be addressed "To the Editor of the
Minerva, New-York."

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 42 John-street.